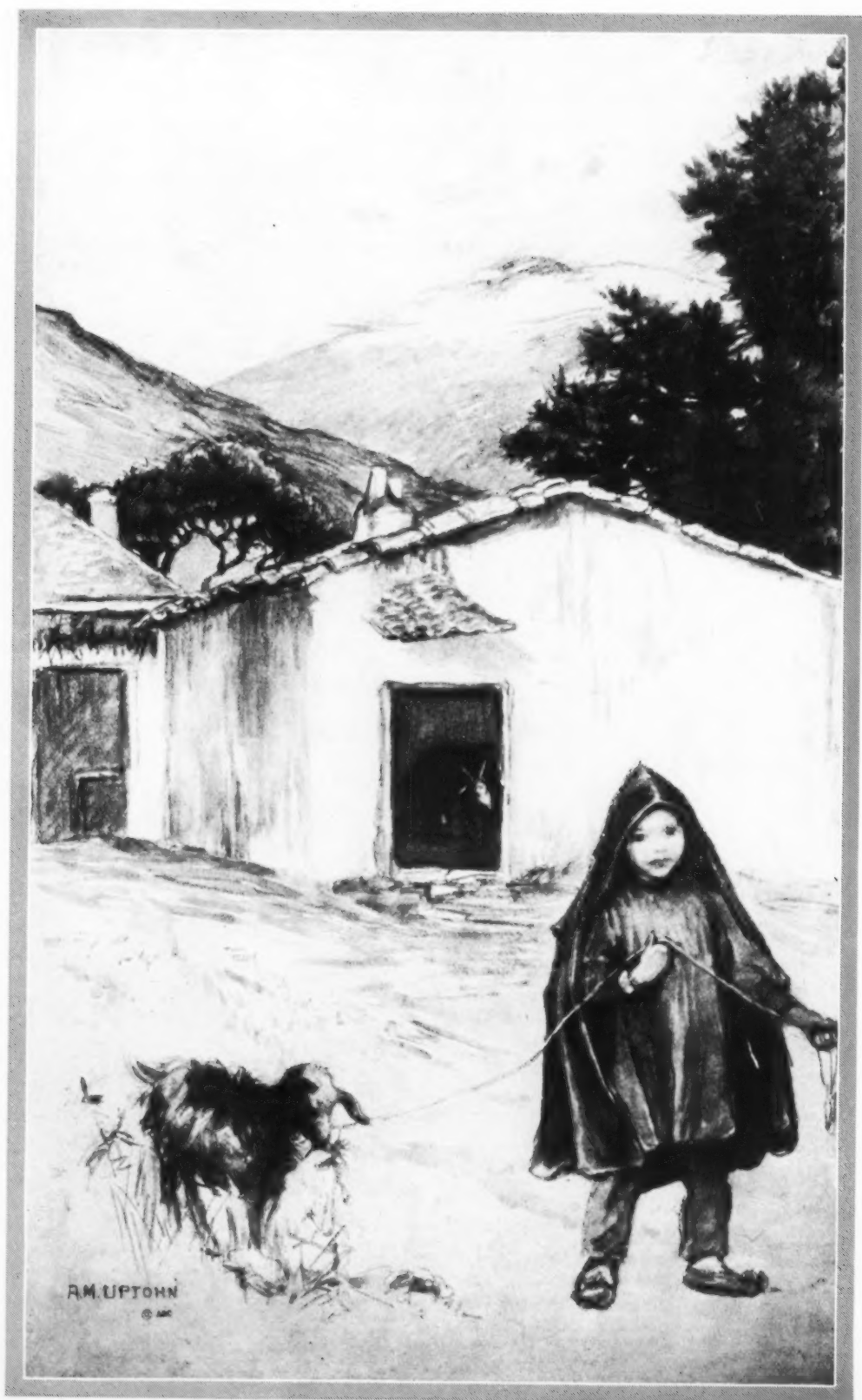


*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*November 1925* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





*"We heard we could make our new home in old Greece, of which we had so long sung"*

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The November News in the School

### A Boy Who Loved His Home

THE appealing description by Stavros of his home life seems particularly appropriate for the month of November, with its long, cool evenings that draw families together and with our Thanksgiving holiday that belongs in a unique way to home and family life. Pupils may find the description more vivid if they study it in order to draw a color picture of the outside of the house or perhaps a diagram of the inside. Perhaps they will read the story more understandingly also if they have the definite purpose of giving talks on special topics. Suggestions for such topics are: a description of the surroundings of the home, an explanation of what each member of the family did to make home life pleasant, the play and recreation of Stavros and the other children, the loss of their home and what befell the members of the family, their plans for the future.

*Stavros in Exile,*  
p. 43

### Studying Geography with the Birds

CANADIAN Juniors were asked, last spring, to keep lists of the kinds of birds which passed through their communities in migrating. From this information a "bird map" was to be made. Such an activity is an interesting community project, also. If the birds are listed for several successive years, a body of valuable information may be built up for nature study classes which will be more interesting than similar information found in books, because it represents a piece of real field work.

*The Secret of the Birds,* p. 45

### Auditorium and Council Programs

THE Thanksgiving play, the poems on the Thanksgiving page, and the story of autumn holidays in other lands provide new material for auditorium programs, classroom exercises, or Junior Red Cross Council meetings. Red Letter Day committees will find these features useful.

*November Holidays,* p. 50

### Schoolmates

MISS UPJOHN'S story of the Chinese school takes on additional interest because of our own celebration of American Education Week.

*The School in Peking,* p. 53

In connection with American Education Week pupils should also notice what Stavros tells about his education.

### World Geography

WOULD not your geography class enjoy building a Junior Red Cross world map for themselves? Let them take a large outline map of the world, or draw one on the board where it need not be disturbed. Then let them hunt through each number of the NEWS as it comes to them and discover the countries from which Junior projects are reported or about which stories are told, and tint these parts with watercolor or crayon. From month to month their sense of acquaintance will broaden. Each part blocked in will have a real meaning when children have read the story of activities in these places—so very like their own activities, in many cases.

*Juniors All Over the World,* p. 58

### A National Project in Which We Hope All Will Join

JUNIORS everywhere are urged to collect books and magazines to send to Indian Juniors who will build the necessary shelves or equipment for school libraries, will plan a community library, and will each make a scrap book of interesting stories, poems, and pictures to take home at the close of school.

The books must be on the "List of Books for Children" approved by the American Library Association.

Ask your local librarian if she has or can get this list for you. It may also be useful to the school to purchase the list as an advisory guide in recommending reading for your own pupils.

The price is fifty cents and the address is: The American Library Association, 78 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill. If for some reason the list is not available and if your pupils plan to buy a small number of new books, we will send you free a briefer mimeographed list from which to choose.

If Juniors wish to contribute used books and the American Library Association list is not available, have them submit to you titles and authors of books which they can give, and send us the list *before the pupils bring the books*. We will check it and let you know whether any must be crossed off. Used books may be sent but they *must be clean and whole* and the *titles positively must be on the approved list*. *No text books should be included*.

Inside each book a Junior Red Cross book plate must be pasted. These will be sent from National or Branch offices upon application, together with instructions as to where to send the books.

*Introduce Your Book Friends,* p. 60

# Developing Calendar Activities for November

## American Education Week

THE Bureau of Education has the following special publications suggesting ideas for observing American Education Week: "How, Why, and When to Prepare for American Education Week" (organization, devices, specific material for each day, hints for lessons and exercises) 5c.; "Broadside" (articles, general information, statistics, quotations) 5c.; "School and Teacher Day" (detailed activities for one day, useful as a model for the rest of the week) 5c.; "The Quest of Youth" (a historical pageant on the development of educational ideals) 10c. There will be a reduction in price for quantity orders. Address: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

*School Life*, the official organ of the Bureau of Education, has a special American Education Week number, October. Other educational journals have published special features for the help of teachers in adjusting the program to their particular needs.

Teachers themselves might celebrate the week by reading some new book on education, such as Kilpatrick's recent *Foundations of Method*, Macmillan, New York. The book is written in the form of discussions among groups of teachers and students of education and is very readable as well as instructive. This may also be a good time of year to look over educational journals with a view to subscribing to some periodical which will bring suggestions and inspiration regularly throughout the year. Besides the sectional and the special subject journals are such general magazines on education as the *Journal of the National Education Association*, Washington, D. C., nine issues a year; the *Journal of Educational Method*, 525 West 120th St., New York, ten issues a year; the *Elementary School Journal*, University of Chicago Press, ten issues a year; *Progressive Education*, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., quarterly.

## Education Week Opportunities for Juniors

SUGGESTIONS for Study-Help activities given on various pages of the Calendar may be useful in a campaign for improvement of scholarship, which can be launched during Education Week. Another type of Service activity which might be started is that of helping pupils of foreign parentage, or, if feasible, the parents themselves. A mock naturalization court can be used as a motivation for learning the laws of naturalization. For publications giving these laws address: The Bureau of Naturalization, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. *The Federal Text Book on Citizenship Training* will be useful in helping immigrants. Part I consists of conversational and language lessons. Part III gives the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution with paraphrases in simple words. Address: Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

## Education Week Exhibits and School Correspondence

IF EXHIBITS of school work prepared for the Week are mounted on paper of suitable size, the best of these may afterward be bound in a portfolio and sent as the first installment of School Correspondence, with a letter describing American Education Week, the activities connected with it, and the purpose of a nation-wide observance of this kind. Include only *one* sample—the best—of each type of work, in order to avoid duplication.

## The Program for the Week

THE special point to be stressed each day is indicated in the program for the week:

Monday, CONSTITUTION DAY. "The Constitution is the bulwark of democracy and opportunity." Slogans: Ballots, not bullets. Know the Constitution. Visit your schools today.

Tuesday, PATRIOTISM DAY. "The Flag of the United States of America is the symbol of the ideals and institutions of our Republic." Slogans: America First. Vote at all elections. Visit your schools today.

Wednesday, SCHOOL AND TEACHER DAY. "It is not too much to say that the need of civilization is the need of teachers."—Calvin Coolidge. Slogans: The better the teacher, the better the school. Visit your schools today.

Thursday, CONSERVATION AND THRIFT DAY. "The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God."—John Muir. Slogans: Plant a tree. Work and save. Visit your schools today.

Friday, KNOW YOUR SCHOOL DAY. "Progressive civilization depends upon progressive education." Slogans: Good schools for all communities. Make your schools livable. Visit your schools today.

Saturday, COMMUNITY AND HEALTH DAY. "Physical education means health and strength." Slogans: A square deal for country boy and girl. A sound mind in a sound body. Visit your neighbor today.

Sunday, FOR GOD AND COUNTRY DAY. "Religion, morality, and education are necessary for good government." Slogans: A godly nation cannot fail. Visit your church today.

## Help for Red Letter Days

THE following books are suggested as sources for Thanksgiving programs: *Colonial Days*, by Walter Tittle, Doubleday Page, a delightful book for young readers, well illustrated; *Letters from Colonial Children*, by Eva March Tappan, Houghton Mifflin; *Choice Thanksgiving Entertainments*, Marie Irish, Paine Publishing Co., Dayton, Ohio; *The Topaz Story Book*, compiled by Ada M. and Eleanor L. Skinner. This last book contains stories and legends of autumn and Hallowe'en as well as stories of Thanksgiving. Art groups will be delighted with the frontispiece, a picture, "Thanksgiving," by Maxfield Parrish, a real "boy's boy" picture.

A delightful short story to read aloud to children is "Ann Mary: Her Two Thanksgivings," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in *Young Lucretia and Other Stories*.

School correspondence has sometimes seemed to indicate that there is a dearth of interesting, fresh material giving the background of Thanksgiving. The same rather barren story is repeated again and again. Perhaps some of the books listed above will give some new ideas. Another book with interesting passages is the French to Scandinavian volume of Carpenter's *World Travels* (Doubleday Page), which gives an interesting picture of the Holland sojourn of the Pilgrims.

## America in Her Literature

A "Map of Good Stories," from which the suggestion under "World Service" was taken, may be obtained from the Syracuse Public Library, New York, for \$1.00. It will give teachers a suggestion which they can adapt to their own communities as well as a most useful tool for literature and reading classes.

# Junior Red Cross International School Correspondence

## *Regulations and the Reasons for Them*

PUPILS in forty-five countries are now engaging in International School Correspondence through the Junior Red Cross. The chief purpose of the activity is to build friendship and understanding among the children of the world. The general principles accepted by the League of Red Cross Societies are a natural outgrowth of this major purpose and have been the result of experience with schools of varied types in many different countries. These principles, broad enough and fundamental enough to be universally recognized as desirable, are also flexible enough to make local adaptation possible.

1. *School Correspondence should combine letters or compositions with illustrative material.* Compositions or letters alone, or pictures alone, are inadequate, except in the case of an initial letter of greeting or a letter of acknowledgment promising a portfolio later. Every teacher makes use of pictures, samples, and models, and so will realize the value of these in making our life vivid to children overseas. But no teacher would depend wholly on these, and so will realize that illustrative material should not be used exclusively and must be made clear by explanations. The social and educational aims cannot be achieved to the fullest extent if either illustrations or compositions are omitted.

2. *The consignment should not be too bulky.* Smaller consignments are more durable, easier to handle, and more speedily transmitted. If there is a large amount of creditable material it should be divided into several parts. It will then be sent to a number of schools instead of to a single one and the return material will be far richer. It is better to begin early with a small consignment and to send several during the year than to save all the material for one bulky portfolio to be sent late.

3. *Correspondence must be group correspondence and not individual.* The organization of worldwide school correspondence is a large and complex one, affording opportunity for a broad contact. If the letter of greeting begins: "Dear Schoolmates," or "Dear Comrades," not one pupil merely but all the class and school are interested. If the letter is signed: "The pupils of 7B"—or "Robert Jones for all the pupils of History 7B"—interest of the recipients will not be in one pupil only but in the entire group. Letters between individuals here and there could at best have only a slight value. It is in order to multiply this value that all Red Cross Societies agree that letters must be group letters; that is, that every letter included in a portfolio must be addressed to the group to which it is going and must be signed for the group from which it comes.

4. *Letters should not be personal and trivial but should have a genuine social and educational value.* "I have a light brown coat," "I am the only child in the family"—the value of a portfolio consisting of twenty-five to one hundred letters with this sort of information is negligible.

Children of European countries are interested to know what our children look like, but this can be accomplished in a way that has far greater worth. Instead of twenty-five monotonous descriptions of children with brown hair and blue eyes, let one pupil or a committee compose a letter about the appearance of American school boys and girls. How many pairs of brown eyes in the class? How many curly heads? What is the range of age? Is there a variety of appearance due to a mixed racial heritage? A civics class or a history class can make

a valuable lesson of this in connection with the general topic of immigration and racial mixture.

One part of the composition might discuss dress. What type of dress is accepted as suitable for school purposes? What variety of colors and materials is found? What is the prevailing style? What is the gymnasium costume? Such a study may add special interest to sewing courses or may be used in developing a sense of taste and suitability. A snapshot or photograph of the group, or designs made in sewing or art classes will make the work still more interesting.

5. *Repetition and duplication should be avoided.* The reason is two-fold.

First, fifty letters on any single subject go very little further than one such letter in building a sense of world friendship.

Second, school correspondence is extremely expensive. When such a service is offered to thousands of schools in many different countries, it must be administered with a view to economy. The translation of fifty letters which repeat the same facts is an unjustifiable expense.

### Methods of Avoiding Duplication

Samples of school work have great interest and value; but one sample, the best from each subject, is enough. Let the class in mathematics, for instance, first decide upon a type of problem in which the children to whom the letters are going will be particularly interested. It may have to do with the buying of food or the buying of clothing or the wages paid for delivering newspapers, or the way in which they have budgeted their school Service Fund. Then, let each child in the class do the work for his day's assignment, and the one paper which the class picks as best be selected to go. Similarly with spelling: It would not be hard to make up a spelling list connected with Junior Red Cross work, a list connected with geography or history, or a list of words in our language which are closely connected with words of the country to which the correspondence is addressed. Again, the best paper can be selected. In map work, instead of including a dozen maps all alike, let the best map of the United States, of the State, and perhaps of the community be chosen for inclusion.

A second method is to let the sample chosen for inclusion be a composite product. The first lesson will still be a regular class assignment. In the class following, the teacher will as a matter of course give part of the period to the usual discussion of errors and corrections. Members of the class entering into the discussion will produce a corrected model, perhaps written on the board as the class builds it. It can then be copied for the portfolio.

A third method which avoids duplication and at the same time keeps freshness and individuality of style is that of drawing up a list of topics or subdivisions of a large topic and letting each pupil choose one subject or one phase. In English, geography, and history, this is usually the most effectual method.

6. For regulations regarding size and shipment, attention is called to the correspondence pamphlet, A. R. C. 618, Sup. 2, which contains these in brief and concise form. The pamphlet should be consulted frequently in seeking new ideas for topics and for preparing school correspondence in connection with school work.

## The American Red Cross in the Schools

**B**OTH in connection with annual Red Cross Roll Call and for reference throughout the year, the teacher may find it helpful to have a list of the most important materials prepared by various Red Cross Services which enter the school. Unless otherwise stated, the pamphlets and publications listed below are furnished free.

### FIRST AID

First Aid Textbooks, General Edition and Industrial Edition, 60c. per copy. Special price to schools.

First Aid Instruction, ARC 1001.

First Aid Instruction in Schools, ARC 1006.

Catalogue of First Aid Books and Supplies, ARC 1009.

Sanitary Training Detachments, ARC 1007.

First Aid to the Injured (Leaflet), ARC 1016.

### HOME HYGIENE

Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick Textbook, paper bound 70c., cloth bound \$1.25.

Pamphlet giving general information regarding the course, ARC 704.

Home Hygiene Poster, No. 700.

Panel (New Service Series), "She knows how, do you?" No. 4, \$3.50.

Panel (Old Series), "ARC gives instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick," \$3.50.

"Theater"—Girl Scouts receiving instruction; loaned.

"Theater"—Women learning what to do in case of illness; loaned.

### NUTRITION

Organization of a Nutrition Service, ARC 724.

Food: Why? What? How? ARC 725, 10c.

What the Teacher May Do to Promote Nutrition, N. H. 62.

Special Nutrition Number of the *Courier*.

Nutrition Bibliography, 25c.

Food Selection Textbook, 25c.

### PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING

Rural School Nursing, an Outline for Red Cross School Nurses, ARC 723, 25c.

Outlines of Nine Talks to Teachers for Red Cross Public Health Nurses, N. H. 31, 35c.

### DISASTER RELIEF

When Disaster Strikes, ARC 209.

### The Annual Roll Call

**P**UPILS may take an active part in educating their own families and their communities about the peace time program of the Red Cross. Let them search the October and November pages of the Calendar for suggestions. Ask the school committee to provide suitable opportunities for services for them. The special Roll Call number of the *Courier* may prove helpful. Back of any service which they perform should be the ideal of using the activity as a means to broaden the spirit of service near at hand into an understanding of the world community.

"**T**HE most important contribution of the Red Cross is what it has done to develop the social ideal among the peoples of the world. And I feel that we can not have too much of this come into our educational scheme. . . .

"The Red Cross in its active work, and particularly in the ideals for which it stands, represents a principle—a principle of the broader touch, of the wider horizon, of the larger field of activity. This principle must have an increasingly larger place in the education of our children if we are going to carry on in this spirit of development and growth. . . .

"Three things seem to be dominating the reorganization of education. First, is the principle of growth or development; second, is open-mindedness toward established knowledge, pioneering in knowledge and the application in the soundest practical ways of knowledge and ideals; and, third, comes this matter of adjustment, which involves an understanding of human conditions, of requirements created by social problems, of the demands of men and women upon ourselves.

"All of these things the Red Cross organization is serving admirably. These are the principles of the Red Cross which I think have large place, or should have large place, in any educational scheme. And that is why I rejoice that an organization such as the Red Cross is everywhere, through its Chapters, serving these ideals and helping to make them effective."

PAYSON SMITH, PH. D.,

Commissioner of Education, Massachusetts.

# Stavros in Exile

## A True Story

*THE "Kyria," or "Madam," to whom Stavros told this story was a Junior Red Cross worker in an orphanage and school established by Americans near Saloniki for refugees who had been driven out of the Pontus and the Caucasus during the general disorders in the Near East following the World War. The story is exactly as told through an interpreter by Stavros and gives some idea of what refugees—those who are even now pouring into Bulgaria from Greece, for example—feel at leaving their old homes. A verstin equals about two-thirds of a mile and a drachma, or drachma, is worth about twenty cents of our money.—THE EDITOR.*

I STAVROS YANOULIDES, a refugee from the Pontus, being now in the American School at Kalamaria, write my small story at the desire of Kyria who loves boys and girls. I bid her welcome to every part of the memory of my home, which is now all that I have of it.

I was born in the village of Adlerix, one hundred verstin northwest of Batum, in the house of my father's father's father. There lived there my grandfather, my father, my mother, my brother Elie, who is now seventeen, my sister Penelope, who would be fifteen, myself, who am thirteen, my sister Alexandra, who would be ten, and my brother Theophile who is six and has had no care.

In my own land, there are wide-spreading trees and simple plenty. Our house was built of the stone of which there is much in the hills yet none in the fields. Each stone was large and cut square and long. The roof was made of beams on which rested wide, flat pieces of shale. All this was held down by wide, thin pieces of baked brick, well-joined to keep out the sun and the rain. Our house was gray on the sides and red above. In our windows we had glass nearly everywhere. My father was buying glass for each window as he saved. Where there was no glass, there were fitted two pieces of paper with bits of string laid between, all well laden with thick wax. Each window had a little double door of wood painted blue and yellow.

Within the house we had four rooms below and three above. There was a great chimney in the middle of the house and all the rooms were set about it, each room having a fireplace in the chimney wall. In one room the fireplace was very large and there were pots for cooking, but the roasting was done in a little shed away from the house. Near this shed was another shed where the servant who did the rougher work of the house lived with her husband who helped with the animals. This man also helped my father on winter evenings to make tables and chairs. My father kept what was needed for the home and sold the rest in the shop of his cousin in the town. The furniture was made of sunny walnut. There was one little cabinet made of ebony that carried in it a dish of china and a dog of ivory from the fair. My mother made delicate



*"There was a great chimney in the middle of the house, each room having a fireplace in the chimney wall"*

stitchery for the windows and the beds and my father made smooth bowls of hard wood for the food. My father played the pipe and on feast days our friends came to dance the *kola* in the little meadow before the house. The animals were well removed from the house.

All about the house were fields of yellow wheat and farther away were the poorer fields where the animals grazed. There were four cows and four calves and two horses and eight hundred sheep. There were fields of corn which we cut for the winter food for the cattle. We kept the kernels of the corn to dry for the chickens. There were chickens and ducks and a dammed pond in the brook for the ducks. In the brook below the duck-pond there was a salt lick for the cattle. If it had been above the duck-pond we could not have kept the ducks, for they die if they taste salt. But they could not go down to the salt lick, for their feet keep them from climbing. Besides, there was a steep little bank between.

The brook led down to the river valley where in the summer we went to fish. From the back of our house, we could look down along the brook to the river and then up and down the river for miles. There were low mountains or high hills, as about Saloniki, and there was a long beautiful vista, for the river opened the hills away into the blue. There were forests of tall trees with bare floors and groves of young trees with brush of half the size among them.

My father sent me to school when I was nine years old and I learned the old Greek and the modern Greek. I studied well, for my father said it was by industry that he had gathered his flocks and added them to the flocks of his father. The teacher loved me and my sisters. My brother Elie would not study.

When not in school, I helped my father with the flocks, but the work was never hard. Sometimes my brother and I threw ball, but not as Kyria does. We hit it with a board which was flat on one side and threw it from underneath and not from above. Sometimes we threw it with the arm straight out from the side. Another game was to throw a small ball in the air, at the same time throwing some pebbles. We tried to catch the pebbles and then the ball when it bounded after striking. We played the game which Kyria calls Prisoner's Base. Then we danced the *kola* and another dance which is only known in our village.

I sang in the church beside my grandfather to learn slowly the chants and take his place. The songs of Pelopidas which Kyria loves I cannot write for her because I have never seen them written. I loved best the song of longing for old Greece and Persephone's song. When very young, I sang them for the guests of my father. I will do as Kyria says and use my voice softly for the next two years that I may always keep it like my grandfather's.

In the very snowy winter of the peace, both my parents died. Our uncles became our guardians. Elie and I with the help of our man and maid kept our home. There was then no time for play and no spirit for dancing.

The Bolshevik army came and no one could resist them for their numbers. They took our cattle and our horses and our food and lived in our house. Our servants they took for theirs. They made us hate our dear home. My uncle took his animals which still remained, sold the cattle and drove us in carts with the horses to Batum where we had heard that the second boat would go to Greece. We heard from the first boat of people that farms left vacant by the Turks were open to us and we could make our new home in old Greece of which we had so long sung. But had there been no prospect of a home for us, we must have come, for we could not exist where the Bolsheviks were.

We had little food for the journey and we were very sick. My sister Penelope died on the boat and my sister Alexandra died the first week after our arrival from cold and want. They are in blessed shelter now.

My brothers and I were weak from cold and long fastings. Theophile quickly became better, but Elie and I could but hang our heads for weeks.

Now Kyria has found work for Elie with the carpenter of the Americans and he can practice some of the skill of my father. Kyria shall keep all his money until he has six hundred drachs, then he will continue to work for Cosa for three hundred drachs a month. I will work for the shopkeeper that I may earn in the season when the carpenter works little. The merchants

will give me one hundred drachs a month and my food, for I am a quick boy and now speak the Greek of Macedonia which I have learned in the school of the orphanage. We will have four hundred drachs some months and only one hundred for about two months. But I shall have my food. Kyria will give us clothing for the winter and we will pay an old woman fifty drachs a month to take care of Theophile. She will do well and give good care and slaps. All this is through the kindness of Kyria whose heart is in every thought for us.

Our whole hope now is to return to our valley.

Our house is too strong to

be wholly destroyed even by fire and our fields will be but more fertile for lying idle.



*When the Bolshevik army came Stavros and his brothers and sisters were forced to seek refuge in Greece, across the sea*

## A Riddle

George MacDonald

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;  
My one foot stands, but never goes.  
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;  
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.  
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.  
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.  
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,  
And yet I am always very tight laced.  
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;  
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.  
In summer with song I shake and quiver,  
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

# The Secret of the Birds

Wallace Havelock Robb

Photos by the Author

THE huge stone fireplace up at the Gibson summer camp, away north in the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec, had been left without any fire for some time. There was a very good reason, to be sure, for some birds were there. Before leaving the camp last fall some one had forgotten to put the cover over the hole in the chimney, and this was an invitation to the chimney swifts to come and make it their home, which they did.

There had been quite a bit of discussion as to how much smoke swifts can stand, and as to whether the fire could be harmful to them, but Margaret and her big brother Angus, who had been a Boy Scout since the spring, invited all to try a dose of wood-smoke in their own eyes, and that settled the matter. There would be no fire until the swifts had departed.

All went well until one morning, when Margaret was eating a late breakfast, there was a cheeping scramble among the cold ashes and a fluttering of chimney swift wings. And there, almost in the room, was the nest of little ones and their mother. The soot to which the nest of twigs had been stuck had given way, letting the whole thing fall down.

Angus, with the assistance of his sister and after taking aboard several mouthfuls of soot, managed to put the nest on the damper ledge, where the mother proceeded to feed the young ones again.

The little swifts were almost ready to leave, for they were even now hanging on the chimney wall, and Margaret asked Angus where they would be going in the fall.

"Why, how do you expect me to know all the little things that Scouts know, when I haven't learned hardly any of the big things yet?" demanded Angus. "And besides, that comes under a special part of bird lore and when I get to that, maybe I will tell you girls where those orioles have gone, too."

There had been a family of orioles down in the city, and just before the Gibsons



*Our friend the Baltimore Oriole, restless and high in the tree tops, anxious to be on his way south.*

left for camp there had been a search for them, but nobody could find them.

"Well, I know somebody who will tell us where the birds go," said Margaret. "Guess who."

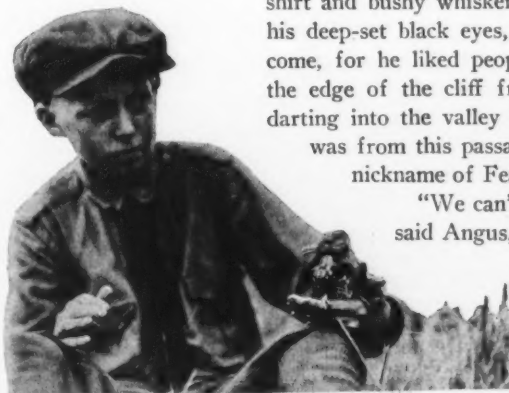
"Oh, I know," guessed Angus, "you mean old Feather-fall Potter. I used to be afraid of him, until he took me into his little log hut in that big storm. My, how the lake tossed! And the crazy black and white loons laughed all the time. Do you know what he says? He told me that those loons love storms and that they stay on the water, even on the ocean, all winter, laughing at the huge waves. If you are not afraid, let's go up."

"Ah, who's afraid?" pouted Margaret, "he only gets angry when visitors catch him in his bare feet on wash day."

So up they went to see the Hermit. He was out when they arrived at his rough, clean hut and they were glad to sit down, there at the very edge of the cliff, and wonder how far a drop it would be to the valley, and why he never cut his long white hair. However, he soon appeared, with his old green hunting shirt and bushy whiskers. Judging by the twinkle of his deep-set black eyes, he was glad the children had come, for he liked people to see the birds coming to the edge of the cliff from the north in autumn and darting into the valley below on their way south. It was from this passage of the birds that he got his nickname of Feather-fall.

"We can't find our orioles, Mr. Potter," said Angus, seeing the old man's questioning gaze.

"Yes, and we can't tell where the chimney swifts go in winter, either," nodded Margaret, glancing down to make sure that the Hermit's feet were in moccasins.



*The little Flicker flew away and Angus is wondering how many friends it will make this winter in southern United States.*

Feather-fall seemed to be thinking for a moment, as he stroked his white beard. "Sit you both down on that bench, overlooking the valley, and I will tell you things that will make you want to fly south as these passing birds do," he finally directed.

"Where the swifts go, nobody knows. We can only guess that they go where some other birds go, away to South America. You should look high in the tree tops for the orioles, for they gather there, uneasy to be gone to Central America. Sometimes, when I see the birds flying down into the valley, I wish I, too, could go, for your oriole will be stopping in pleasant gardens on the way, not troubling to hurry much, just flying as the fancy suits him. But each week finds him farther south——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Margaret, "did you see that yellow-brown bird with white on its back? It disappeared over the cliff!"

"That was a flicker!" snapped Angus. "Can't you listen?"

"If you see well, it may be better than listening," was all the old man said at the interruption. Then he went on, "Yes, it was a flicker, or a highhole, or a highholder, or a golden-winged woodpecker, or a yellow-hammer, it's all the same bird. It has more than a hundred and fifty different names, or more than any other bird. It, too, has a good time—There! Hear that hollow sounding tattoo?—far in the valley below?—There goes his wife over the cliff, see? He was rapping a hollow tree to let her know where he was. Yes, the flicker takes his time, feeding himself well as he goes. He watches at ant holes until the ants come out, then runs out his long sticky tongue and eats them by the hundreds. Like the oriole he visits all the way to the southern states, then visits all the way back north in spring.

"Where do they go in spring, when they pass north?" asked Angus.

"Well, as a rule," replied Feather-fall, "you may count on their going as far north as

they can find plenty of food and a climate they like. Food is the main thing, though. Birds are tremendous eaters. A grown bird will eat from a third to a half of its weight in a day, and a young robin has been known to eat as much as one and one-eighth times its weight in a day. It would be pretty expensive to raise

children if they ate in the same proportion, wouldn't it?" asked the Hermit, with a twinkle in his keen eyes.

"Why, there's a funny spotted brown bird with red and orange on his wings!" cried Margaret.

"Must be a cousin of the red-winged-blackbird," said Angus, with a show of knowledge. Then, before any one could speak, a whole cloud of dark birds came to the cliff edge and dropped down. Some were regular red-winged-blackbirds and some half changed from the streaked brown of the young birds, which all have a plumage like the female at first. All had similar wing marks, and Feather-fall explained that in the autumn the grown male birds of this species get brown or buff tips on their black feathers. These tips seem to wear off during the winter and spring.

"The bobolink," added the Hermit, "changes so that he becomes a yellowish buff, with stripes, and the folks of Carolina call him the ricebird, and all the song he sings for the folks of South America where he winters, is 'clink-clink.'

"How birds find their way to the southern United States and to South America, is beyond me," mused the Hermit as he scratched his head. "Anyway, they have regular routes. Streams of birds go along the valleys of the Hudson and the Connecticut, a great river of feathered folk passes twice a year along the Mississippi Valley. But the going is not so easy when it is a question of reaching Central America or the good feeding grounds of northern South America. Some birds follow the coast of Florida and then take an island route through the Bahamas or Cuba to Haiti, Porto Rico and the Lesser



*The Bluebird peeks into every hole he sees as he rests in the gardens on his way north in the springtime.*

### Indian Summer

William Wilfred Campbell

Along the line of smoky hills  
The crimson forest stands,  
And all the day the blue jay calls  
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans  
With all his glory spread,  
And all the sumachs on the hills  
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist  
Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long, still autumn day  
Wild birds are flying south.

Reprinted from the Red Cross Junior, Toronto

Antilles and thence to South America. Going this way, they are never out of sight of land. Thousands of birds take a more direct route, flying from Florida to South America, via Cuba and Jamaica. So many bobolinks wing across the five-hundred-mile stretch of islandless ocean between Jamaica and South America that this is often called the 'bobolink route.' The great majority of North American birds bound for a winter in Central or South America take a short cut across the Gulf of Mexico in preference to a longer journey by way of Florida or Texas. The fact is, millions of birds cross the Gulf at its widest part and that means a single flight of from five hundred to seven hundred miles. Some birds migrate by day, but more do their flying at night. Your chimney swifts are day migrants,

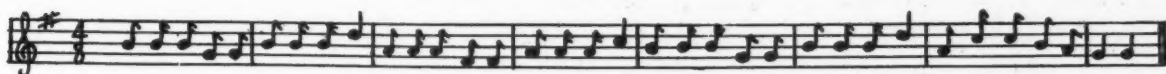
while the great family of warblers, the thrushes, flycatchers, vireos, orioles, tanagers, shore-birds, and most of the sparrows make their long flights at night."

That night Mrs. Gibson had to listen to the whole story about the ocean of birds moving in waves up and down the country, flying across the Gulf of Mexico, changing their coats and mixing the colors to muddle us up, as the goldfinch does, putting on his wife's summer clothes and dressing in dull grey-green, until nobody knows what it is all about except the birds, and they won't tell.

At the end Mrs. Gibson said, "It is too bad we cannot all fly south, finding our food as we go."

"And we would never have to study geography, 'cause we'd know it, anyway," added Angus.

## Skip to Me, Lou, My Darling



*Somebody stole my partner too, Somebody stole my partner too, Somebody stole my partner too, Skip to me, Lou, my darling*

Gone again, skip to me, Lou,  
Gone again, skip to me, Lou,  
Gone again, skip to me, Lou,  
Skip to me, Lou, my darling.

If you can't get a red dress,  
Blue has to do,  
If you can't get a red dress,  
Blue has to do,  
If you can't get a red dress,  
Blue has to do,  
Skip to me, Lou, my darling.

Somebody stole my partner too,  
Somebody stole my partner too,  
Somebody stole my partner too,  
Skip to me, Lou, my darling.

Fly in the sugar bowl,  
Shoo, shoo, shoo,  
Fly in the sugar bowl,  
Shoo, shoo, shoo,  
Fly in the sugar bowl,  
Shoo, shoo, shoo,  
Skip to me, Lou, my darling.

THE words and music for this old-fashioned American singing game were furnished us by Miss Nell Whaley, the Junior Red Cross special representative. It is played in the houses and on the grounds of country schools in many places and with many variations. This is the way it is done in Western North Carolina:

1. The players pair off, leaving one as the leader. It is more fun if played with not less than eleven children.

2. All boys and girls join hands to form a big circle with

the leader on the outside. All players drop hands.

3. The leader starts by selecting a partner, skipping in time to the music to her (or him) and back with partner to place, while all sing first verse.

4. The circle join hands, and skip around, singing second verse.

5. The one left without a partner now skips and chooses a partner, all singing the third verse.

6. The circle join hands, and skip around singing fourth verse. And so on, repeating the verses indefinitely.



*Skip to Me, Lou, My Darling, is played in many places and with many variations.*



# FINDING THE THANKS IN THANKSGIVING



JOHN (grumbling): Here it is the day before Thanksgiving and I have done nothing since school closed but crack nuts and run errands. By tomorrow I will have blisters on every finger and toe I possess and yet folks keep on calling it Thanksgiving Day. I'd like to know where the thanks come in, myself.

DOROTHY: If that isn't just like a boy, thinking he is over-worked. Now if you had my job you might have something to complain about. Twenty-five people for dinner tomorrow and all these place cards to be painted and just the right thing written on each one. It's easy enough to know what to write on your own family's cards, but when it comes to the uncles and aunts and grandfathers and grandmothers it's a much harder job than cracking nuts, I can tell you that.

JOHN: Well, quarreling about it won't make either of our tasks any easier. The whole thing goes back to Thanksgiving. What use is the day anyway? I'm sure there isn't anything for which I am especially thankful. School is about as hard and as uninteresting as a cobblestone. The only fun I have is on holidays, and most of them I have to put in doing jobs like this.

DOROTHY (sighing, as she laboriously writes on one of the cards): Anyone would think to hear you talk you had all the troubles in the world strapped on your shoulders. I'd like you to know that I have a few also. Mother is the best mother in the world but she just doesn't understand girls. Every time it rains she wants me to wear rubbers, carry an umbrella or put on a raincoat. Why, John, I sometimes wish there wasn't a pair of rubbers in the world. And as for my clothes, I never have a word to say about them. Mother buys them and I have to wear them. Now that you have started the subject I don't know especially what I have to be thankful about either. I have to help mother with the housework, and every time a holiday comes around there are always the dishes to wash. Somehow I think I would be happy if there weren't any dishes in the world.

JOHN: If that isn't just like a girl. When they start telling their troubles there is no end.

DOROTHY (crossly): I'll keep still if you will. (A loud knock is heard on the door. John and Dorothy both stop work. When the knock is repeated John hastily goes to the door. Enter a boy and girl in Pilgrim costume. They advance into the room timidly and greet their host and hostess with courteous bows. John's and Dorothy's faces show their surprise.)

JOHN (speaking with an effort): Look here, who are you?

Louise Franklin Bache

Illustrations by Emily Strother

*Characters:* JOHN and DOROTHY, a boy and girl of today.

JONATHAN and DORCAS, a boy and girl of Pilgrim Times.

*Time:* The day before Thanksgiving.

*Scene:* A living-room in a home of today. A large table stands in the center front of stage. John sits at one end of the table busily engaged in cracking nuts, Dorothy at the other end writing place cards for the Thanksgiving dinner. Several comfortable upholstered chairs are placed about.

DOROTHY: Oh, John, how rude you are! Can't you see that this boy and girl have entered the wrong house? They are going to a masquerade party. (Pilgrim boy and girl advance.)

JONATHAN: You are mistaken in that, good friends. We have come to see you. We are Pilgrims. My sister bears the name of Dorcas, while I am known as Jonathan. Have you no word of greeting for us?

DOROTHY (stammering): Oh,—of-course. (Nudges her

brother.) We are very glad to see you.

JOHN (repeats after her in a mumbling tone): Yes, very glad to see you.

DOROTHY: We are not very used to entertaining Pilgrims. In fact, we have never met any before except in books, so if we don't do the right thing please excuse us.

JOHN (who has by this time recovered his speech): Make yourselves at home. Help yourselves to any chair you can find. (Jonathan and Dorcas look at each other—then seat themselves stiffly in upholstered chairs.)

DORCAS (to Dorothy): What queersome chairs you have, so soft! They are like feather beds—full of comfort. Truly it is something to be thankful for to have chairs like this.

DOROTHY: Thankful for? I never thought of being thankful for chairs in all my life.

JONATHAN (to John): Did you pick all the nuts you are cracking, friend John?

JOHN: Good gracious, no! It's bad enough to have to crack them.

JONATHAN: It is far more work to pick them. Many a mile have I tramped in forests filled with enemies and wild animals to collect nuts for Thanksgiving Day at Plymouth.

DORCAS (who has in the meanwhile picked up one of Dorothy's cards on the table and has been examining it): Look you at these grandiose cards made of paper. What a fortunate maiden you are, friend Dorothy, to have such an abundance of luxury. In Pilgrim times paper was a rare sight. He who possessed it must needs have pockets lined with gold.

JONATHAN (to John): I pray you forgive my rudeness, but I cannot help remark at the splendor of your clothes.

JOHN: Humph! This suit doesn't amount to much. I've got two others which would knock your eyes out.

JONATHAN: Knock my eyes out? What mean you, friend John?

JOHN: Oh, nothing much. I forgot that you weren't up on slang.

JONATHAN: You say queer things, friend John. But queerer to me does it sound to have three suits of clothes that are one's own. I surely envy you your good fortune. He who had one suit that was in good repair in my day was considered blest.

DORCAS (to Dorothy): Your frock is very strange but very beautiful, friend Dorothy. Have you, too, many frocks, and if so do you spin and weave them with your own two hands?

DOROTHY: Oh, goodness no! Mother buys them all at the stores.

DORCAS: Stores! What marvelous places they must be.

JONATHAN (to John): My eyes see no hearth with fire burning brightly on it and yet this room is as warm as a June day. How manage you this?

JOHN: Oh, we have a large furnace down cellar that heats the whole house—but it's an awful nuisance. It keeps a fellow shoveling coal all the time.

JONATHAN: But you don't have to go out in the forest and cut down the trees as I had once to do. What an easy life you lead.

DORCAS (to Dorothy): What strange but wonderful lights you have! I have never seen a room so bright before. It is like fairy-land. One could read the finest print in the farthest corner. In Pilgrim days we had candles. Oh, how careful we had to be, for tallow was precious and it took hours of time to make them.

JONATHAN (to John): Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. Never have I seen a boy with as much to be thankful for as you.

DORCAS: And you, Dorothy, what a joyful maiden you should be with all these wonderful things about you.

JOHN: If you two think we are lucky and have a lot to be thankful for you don't know what you are talking about. Why, I have to go to school from September to June and I have the stupidest books to study you ever saw.

JONATHAN and DORCAS (in tones of exclamation): He goes to a real school! He has real books! Oh, what a fortunate boy is he!

DOROTHY: Now, please don't go saying I am fortunate, too. I don't mind school much but I do mind washing dishes.

DORCAS (in a gentle, chiding voice): You should be glad that you have dishes to wash. Many of us in the early days had only gourds and clam shells. Had you all the tasks that we once had, then would you truly know what work was. Suppose your Thanksgiving dinner consisted only of corn pudding, and before you could have it you had to grind the corn and put it among the ashes to parch, then you had to regrind it

into flour, and all with the crudest equipment? Yet when the pudding was on the table I am sure there was not a Pilgrim lad or maiden who was not thankful for their blessing—though it was naught but simple pudding.

JONATHAN: And you, master John, suppose you had to hunt for miles in the unfriendly forest when the snow was deepest for the turkey which will be on your table tomorrow? Suppose you had to plant all the vegetables you eat and build a stockade about them to keep out the enemy? Suppose you had naught with which to light your fire but flint or wooden sticks? Suppose you could have no roof over your head unless you went to the forest and hewed the logs and built a

cabin. Suppose all your furniture had to be whittled by hand? Think you not, then, with all the comforts that are yours, you have much for which to give thanks?

DOROTHY: I never thought of being grateful for everyday things before.

JOHN: Nor I.

JONATHAN: It was the Pilgrims who established Thanksgiving Day in gratitude for their homes in a new land.

JOHN: Our history says also that Abraham Lincoln, in 1864, decreed there should be set aside the last Thursday in November as a day of national Thanksgiving.

DOROTHY (interrupting proudly): And our country is the only one in all the world to celebrate a universal Thanksgiving Day. (Slowly and thoughtfully.) What an amazing lot of things we

have to be thankful for after all, when we begin to count them.

DORCAS: We are glad, friend Dorothy, that you have discovered this before Thanksgiving Day came round.

JONATHAN (with Dorcas by the hand slowly backs towards door. Pauses): To tell you why you should be grateful on Thanksgiving Day was the reason for our visit. (They bow and then quickly leave room. Dorothy and John watch them out as though in a dream, then slowly they clasp each other's hands across the table.)

JOHN: I am so glad I know all the things we have to be thankful for.

DOROTHY: Now that we know, John, let's never forget them.



Many a mile have we tramped in forests filled with enemies and wild animals to collect nuts for Thanksgiving Day at Plymouth

A MINNEAPOLIS newspaper says that if grown-ups followed the example of the children of that city, about one life would be saved every week. Statistics show that of all the people that pass through the rushing traffic, school children are the most careful. Often the police see boys and girls quietly watching for the right moment, instead of taking chances and dashing across the street as their elders often do.

# November Holidays in Other Lands

## Junior Red Cross Day in Bulgaria

**T**HE first of November is a threefold day of celebration for us children," writes a school in Pleven, Bulgaria. "It is the day on which we honor the memory of a great Bulgarian saint, Saint John of Rilo. This same day is dedicated to culture and education and it is also the special day of the Junior Red Cross, which has taken Saint John of Rilo as its patron saint.

"This year it was celebrated most solemnly in Pleven. In the morning there was a service on the Liberty Square. Then an entertainment was given by the Junior Red Cross and the teacher-leader made a speech on its importance. The Juniors gave some music and recitations. Then the different groups paraded through the streets with their flags and posters.

"The girls wore white caps and the boys white bands on the left arm. They all had flags in their hands and special badges for the day. The day ended with the playing of the national dances on Liberty Square."

The story of Ivan Rilsky, later known as Saint John of Rilo, goes away back to the beginning of the tenth century. Rilsky then played a leading part in the life of his country. At length he was so distressed by the political conditions around him that he decided to devote his life to a close communion with God, hoping that he might finally turn his people from unbelief and fighting. He succeeded in awakening the nation and his fame spread throughout the land. After his death he was made a saint and a great monastery was built on the lonely spot far up in the mountains where he had led the life of a hermit. Before his shrine in the monastery a lamp has been kept burning day and night for a thousand years without ever having gone out.

## A Latvian Hallowe'en

The tenth of November is celebrated by Latvian children somewhat as we celebrate Hallowe'en. In a letter to a school in Georgetown, Kentucky, Elsa Vasariv, of Cesis, tells what once happened to her on this holiday.

"In Latvia on the eve of the tenth of November,

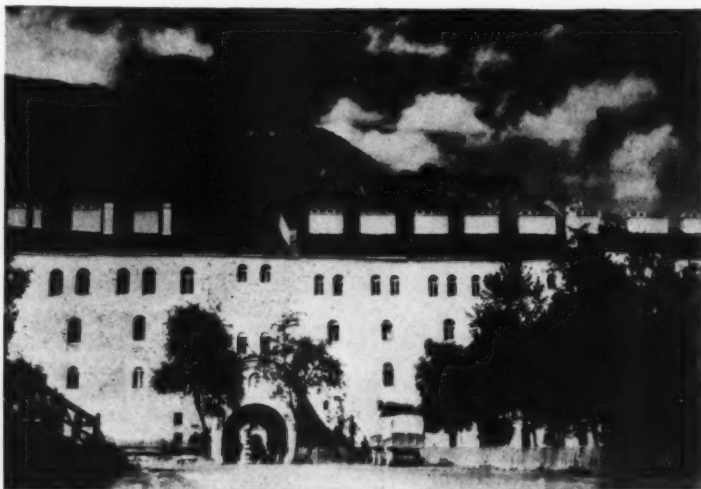
the day of Martin, we disguise ourselves and go from house to house where we dance and play games. The housekeeper gives the Martin's children, as we call them, something to eat, very often roast duck or goose which is called Martin's goose.

"One very dark Martin's evening only my mother and I remained at home; the others disguised themselves and went away. My mother was making butter in the kitchen. On the table was a pail part full of sour milk. Then some one knocked at the door. I opened the door and in came our neighboring maid, who had disguised herself as a man. She had come to ask my mother for something to put on her head. My mother showed her two or three hats but they did not fit well. Then our visitor reached over to the table, took up the pail, thinking that there was nothing in it, and popped it quickly on her head.

"Ah!" she cried in great surprise. The sour milk was dripping from her nose and chin and her hair was white, and now she was obliged to go home and put on other clothes. As she started away a group of Martin's children came in and seized her. When they saw that her head and face were white with sour milk they took her to the oven and taking out bits of charcoal began to black her face all over. She was shrieking, but they laughed and danced about her.

"I had hidden myself in a corner because I was afraid of the Martin's children. One of them noticed me and came to the corner. I cried, but he took me and asked his friend to put me into his sack. I cried as loudly as I could but they laughed at me and a stout man put me into a sack, leaving my head sticking out. He took the sack with me on his shoulder and asked

who would buy the sack and the girl. But as I shrieked and kicked with my feet, nobody wished to buy such a naughty girl. At last, when he took me out, I was white with the flour from the inside of the sack. There was a great uproar and merriment in the room but I ran out of the room. In the kitchen I sat down near the oven and was very angry



*Thousands of Bulgarian pilgrims go up every year to the great Monastery of Saint John of Rilo*

with the Martin's children.

"After the meal the Martin's children went away, but one of them gave a big cake to the 'white girl,' as they called me."

It was on the 18th of November, seven years ago, that Latvia was proclaimed an independent republic.

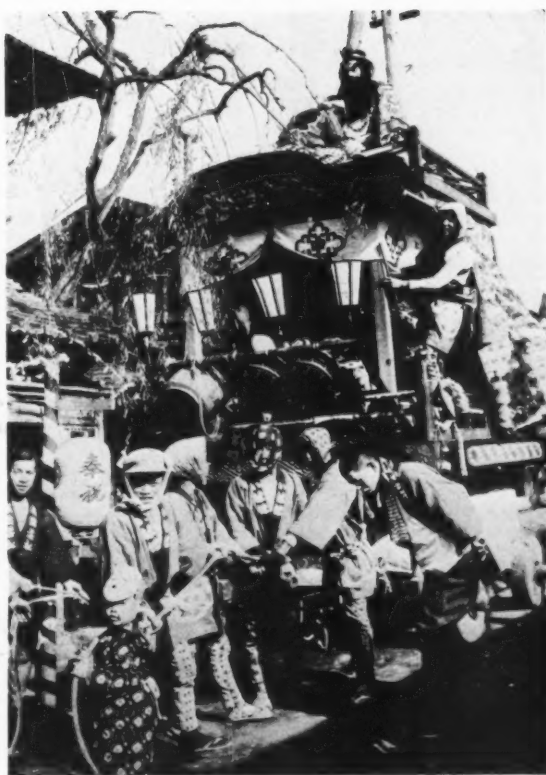
### Albania's Independence Day

Albania, too, celebrates its independence in November. Mdoc Deda of the Tirana Vocational School writes the West Ward School of Clayton, New Mexico, about it:

"Albania was many years ago independent, for when George Kastrioti was living he did not let the Turks occupy our land. He fought against them bravely and was victorious, but after his death the Albanians could not long keep their independence, for every one wanted to be the head and rule the land. While the people were quarreling among themselves the Turks conquered Albania and kept her as a part of the Turkish Empire for about 500 years. This is one reason why Albania has not become modernized.

"On the twenty-eighth of November, 1912, for the second time the Albanian flag was raised over Valona by Ismail Quemal, with the help of other Albanians. This is our most important date and we enjoy it very much. In all cities of Albania the streets, the houses and the shops are bright with lights, and till midnight the band plays the beautiful songs and instrumental music of Albania.

"In the capital of Albania we celebrate this anniversary day more than other cities do. Here on the next day in the afternoon, all the deputies and the prime-ministers gather in the play field. Soon after, all the soldiers come marching and the band, too. Then all the people surround the grandstand. Now the band begins to play. All the soldiers are ready to march around the field. Each company has an officer who marches ahead and while marching they salute the people who are there. They file off into their respective companies. They fire cannon in salute to the flag and country. This is the day when officers are graduated from schools and receive their promotions."



Courtesy Paul T. Steintorf

*The Mikoshi, or float, is a feature of most Japanese festivals. To be allowed to draw it is considered a great honor.*

the Battle of King's Mountain was fought in 1780. They took a snapshot of the monument there and sent it to a group in Oklahoma, whose ancestors, the Cherokee Indians, once lived there. In 1540, De Soto, on his way through the wilderness, found this big tribe settled in a wide territory and growing good crops of corn, beans and pumpkins. Three hundred years later the whole tribe, except a few who escaped to the mountains of western North Carolina, were moved to the Indian Territory. There they had a government and capital of their own and were known as the Cherokee Nation. After the Civil War they made a treaty with our government promising to free their negro slaves. About twenty years ago they disbanded and became citizens of the United States.



*The King's Mountain Monument*

### Thanksgiving in Japan

Japan has a festival in November that is not unlike our Thanksgiving. A letter from a Japanese school in that country says:

"In November, all the trees are decorated in their autumnal robes and we have our autumn picnics on the hillsides and in the valley. November 23rd is the Festival of the Harvest, when we offer our crop of rice to our ruler of heaven and earth. By this time the farmer's work is done and when it is all over every family has its dinner party in acknowledgment of the services rendered by each during the season."

NOT long ago a party of North Carolina Juniors made a special trip to the place where

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS --:-- NEWS --:--

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1925, by the American National Red Cross. Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

VOL. 7 NOVEMBER, 1925 No. 3

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*Let there be a good supply of books  
and a yearly store of provisions*

—Horace

## HELP ILLUSTRATE YOUR MAGAZINE

If you will turn to page 56 in this issue you will notice a snapshot of some boys away out in Idaho working on their school garden. That picture has life and action and looks real. Because that school was thoughtful enough to send it to us, it makes your magazine more attractive. Maybe you have on hand or can easily take good snapshots of outdoor scenes, or of Juniors at work. Sending them on to us for use in the NEWS would be in itself a Junior service, because then you would be helping to edit your own magazine and make it more interesting.

## A MESSAGE FROM GREECE

A YEAR ago there wasn't any Greek Junior Red Cross. But by May, when Miss Benedict, who is head of the Junior Division of the League of Red Cross Societies, went to Athens she found 100,000 Juniors enrolled, a headquarters established, a National Junior Committee organized, and a self-supporting Junior magazine with 30,000 subscribers. The first Junior activity in Greece was the summer camp for poor children of Athens, which was financed by six hundred dollars from the National Children's Fund. Miss Benedict was told that one reason why the Junior Red Cross had grown by leaps and bounds in so short a time was the fact that just when it was getting started sixty-seven cases of Christmas boxes arrived from America. The distribution of the gifts was made a special occasion throughout the country—at one place 1,500 refugee children received presents—

and all Greece got an idea of what the Junior Red Cross means.

The Juniors of one school in Athens composed the following poem as a greeting to Miss Benedict for her country:

Oh! How we love your country, beautiful, truly Christian!  
In our unhappiness she stretched forth as a life-buoy  
Her golden hand, to save us and to lighten our  
Sombre way, as lights at midnight the northern star.

Innumerable refugees, naked, starving, living skeletons,  
Flung themselves upon our mother, Greece,  
And all, friends, enemies and strangers lay stupefied.  
A dizzy horror seized us every one.

But your noble country, without an instant's hesitation,  
Opened to us her purse, her heart, poured without cease  
Upon our fainting babies, upon our dying population  
The contents of her golden hand and saved us every one.

Go! Oh, Noble Lady! Say to American children that as long as  
Hearts beat within our bosoms, so long the little ones  
Of Hellas will not cease to offer to the dear and generous  
America, their love, their adoration and their thanks.

And if our gratitude alone suffice you, may it form  
Above America the emblem of an everlasting crown.

## A JUNIOR SPEECH

THIS is how J. V. Edwards, an eleven-year-old boy, presented the Junior Red Cross to the Rotary Club of Tampa, Florida, closing his remarks with the words of the Junior World Song:

"I am a representative of the Junior Red Cross, and it is my aim this afternoon to try to tell you something of what one must be and do to become a member of this society: and also what my classmates and I have been doing towards becoming better members.

"Our aim is to serve others and to become better citizens. We visit the sick and carry them flowers, magazines and plenty of good cheer. In school, with the help of our teachers, we make little scrap books which we send to the hospitals. We also do all things we can toward helping the poor, taking them food if they are in need and caring for them if they are sick.

"We make foreign correspondence portfolios to show the children of other lands what we grow in Florida, such as all kinds of citrus fruits, beautiful flowers and vegetables. We write compositions and send pictures of our birds, fisheries and natural resources. When these children receive our booklets, they send theirs to us and in this way we make friends and learn of other lands.

"The Junior Red Cross has many organizations in the schools of this city and by joining forces of the different schools we are able to send donations to other places. One good example of this is the donation of \$75.00 we Juniors of Tampa made to the girls and boys where the great tornado destroyed their homes and everything they possessed.

"In becoming Junior Red Cross members we each do some service or work to earn our pins, which we all consider a great honor to wear. On them is our motto, 'I SERVE.' We not only have our pins, but we have a song which we all learn and sing."

# The American School in Peking

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrated by the Author

IN a quiet corner of Peking there is a great kicking-up of dust at a quarter to nine in the morning. One hundred and fifty-seven pupils are on their way to the American School. The bare feet of their rickshaw boys slap the earth rhythmically as they turn from the main thoroughfares into a side street, leaving behind the gaily flapping banners which serve as signboards at shop doors, the lattices of gilt and lacquer and the housetops tipped with dragon claws.

Through wide gates they enter a graveled playground, beyond which stands a large brick schoolhouse, such as we are familiar with from Maine to Texas. They are real American boys and girls who step down from the rickshaws, but they are speaking Chinese to their coolies.

These coolies, or "boys," as servants in the Orient are called no matter what their age, would make good Marathon runners. They take the place of cab horses in China, drawing the one-seated, two-wheeled buggies, or rickshaws, at a swinging pace for miles without stopping. To have your boy and rickshaw is like having your car, only it is so much cheaper that everyone can afford it.

Having left their young charges at the school, the boys trot off quietly; but they will return for them at the closing hour.

The school was built and is maintained by Americans living in Peking and by friends in the United States who felt that American children in the Orient should be able to prepare for American colleges. Its pupils are the sons and daughters of doctors, business men, and missionaries. If your father were to start next week for China, taking his family with him, you could go on with your studies in Peking just where you left off at home. You would find American books, grades, and teachers. You would even find an active Junior Red Cross circle there, working to pay a scholarship for a little Chinese girl who would otherwise have no education. Once a month this child comes to visit her American friends in the school. It is a gala day as she goes from room to room. Her health, her clothes, her progress in her studies are a matter of pride to the entire school.

The Pekinese Juniors can talk with their little ward in her own tongue, for they learn to speak Chinese just as you would if you lived in a country where you



*It is difficult enough to learn to speak Chinese, but a far greater task to read and write it.*

heard it all about you. Moreover, it is a part of the school curriculum, taught by a Chinese professor.

It is difficult enough to learn to speak Chinese, but a far greater task to read and write it. This is because there is no alphabet, but thousands of characters, or symbols, each one of which has to be learned separately and by sight. It is like crossing a brook on stepping stones instead of going over a bridge. These symbols had their beginnings in picture writing, but have been so simplified for convenience that now it is hard to recognize their meanings. They have kept their picturesque quality partly because they are always drawn with a brush and not written with a pen.

The Chinese take an artistic pleasure in printing their language. A proverb traced in black or green on gold or ivory paper becomes a wall decoration of rare beauty.

But, as you may imagine, your bright young friends in the Peking School do not reach this stage without much practice. For instance, if Jack or Mary wishes to write *man*, they must dip a camel's-hair brush in


ink and draw this character: 男人. If they are

writing about a big 大 *man*, it will be thus:

男大; for Chinese is read from right to left instead of from left to right.

The character for *cultivated fields* can be traced to its origin more easily than some. Here it is, 田 and this is its story:

As long as 4,000 years ago "land was allotted on the following plan: Nine squares of equal size . . . were apportioned out to eight families. Each family was entitled to cultivate a square and the ninth and central square was cultivated by all in common and its produce

was paid as a tax to the government.”\* The Chinese character representing this system is 井, meaning a well, and, if enclosed, the four sides will furnish a diagram of the allotment:  The diagram simpli-

fied has come to mean *cultivated fields* which must have water in order to flourish.

So much for the fields. Here is the symbol for house:



which looks as it should—a box with a roof over it. The quirk in the middle is the dragon’s tail, which finishes every Chinese roof-beam, for good luck.

You might not recognize the next character as meaning *clothes*—衣. The character for *mountains* is

\* F. I. Hawkes Pott, *A Sketch of Chinese History*.

easy 山; but *woman* is more difficult—女人.

Sometimes the Chinese characters for things are combined to express ideas. For instance, one woman under

a roof means peace—安. Again, *cultivated fields*,

plus *clothes*, plus a *house*, means *happiness*—福.

This is only a sample, but it will give you some idea of what goes on in a Chinese schoolroom during the writing lesson.

While the American Pekinese Juniors are struggling with the Chinese language they are greatly in need of good English books for general reading.

If some of you would furnish their school with a library such as has rejoiced Guam and Samoa, it would be received with delight, and might be the beginning of an exchange of books between the American Schools in Peking, Shanghai, Hangchow, and other Chinese cities. . . . Who can tell?

## The Boy with the Squashes

A DISTINGUISHED man once told me that while he was sitting for his portrait which was to hang in a public building he diverted himself (and doubtless the artist) by swatting flies.

Now, behind every painting there is some energetic little story like that which people never see in the picture. That is why I am going to tell you the truth and nothing but the truth about the boy with the squashes on the cover of this magazine.

One hot morning in Sofia as I was scurrying home from the dentist I passed a group of boys playing in a vacant lot. One of them was dressed in native costume, a thing so rare in Sofia where the boys wear clothes just like our own, that I was seized with a desire to paint him. So I hurried to Miss Nikolova, who is Secretary for the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross, and who knew why I was making pictures in her country. She was as interested as I was and came at once to my rescue. As the lot was hot and dusty, and as there was a quiet garden behind the nearby training school for nurses, we decided to ask the boy to come there. While Miss Nikolova was explaining and persuading, I ran around the corner to a vegetable stall to buy some squashes which I thought might add to the picture.

We found that the boy’s name was Todor, and that he came from Sliven, a town in Eastern Bulgaria, where a short time before he had been bitten by a mad dog. Now, in Bulgaria when anyone is bitten he is at once sent to the Pasteur Institute in Sofia for treatment, all expenses being paid by the State. So

Todor’s misadventure was providing a sparkling episode in his young life. He had found comrades of his own age in Sofia, both Bulgarian and Macedonian boys, and as it was their vacation they had time for all the things which boys can find to do in a vacant lot in the summer time.

Todor settled himself gravely against the wall, one squash between his knees. I wanted him to “sell” it, but this he considered undignified and I finally had to draw him in the pose of his own choosing.

At first his friends supported him in his ordeal but long before it was over they grew restive and made off, leaving Todor alone with me. I was afraid he, too, might bolt, but though he kept a wary eye on me he stuck manfully to his pose and at noon smiled a frank “thanks” for his payment, promising to return the following day. But to my dismay the next morning brought no Todor. Also the back lot was silent and empty. On investigation we found that the Pasteur treatment being finished, Todor had been discharged and at once sent back to Sliven. So I finished his feet without him, and had a quiet session with the squashes, the chicoree blossoms and the wall.

Later, when I was far away from Bulgaria, Miss Nikolova wrote me: “When I look out of the window and see the squash in the garden just where you left it, I wish I could do something for you again, like hunting up a Bulgarian boy to pose.”

And I answered, “Why don’t you gather in the squash and make a pie?”

# THANKSGIVING

## In November

The air is growing chilly,  
The leaves are dry and brown,  
And from the twigs and branches  
The sap is running down.

The squirrel's filled his storehouse,  
The bees have sought the hive,  
The turtle in his mud bed  
Scarce seems to be alive.

The beaver and the muskrat  
Are snug beneath the wave;  
The birds have gone far southward,  
The bear is in his cave.

The caterpillar's slumbering  
Within his warm cocoon;  
The wailing winds are telling  
That winter's coming soon.

The sun is setting early,  
The sky is dull and gray;  
And I — I'm getting ready  
To keep Thanksgiving Day.

—Anonymous.

## Thankfulness for Homes

Better than gold is a peaceful home  
Where all the fireside characters come,  
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, sister or wife,  
However humble the home may be,  
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold  
And center there, are better than gold.

—Abram Joseph Ryan.

## Thanksgiving for Harvest

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet, of which  
to make our bread!  
Praise God for yellow corn, with which His waiting  
world is fed!  
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, He gave to  
man for food!  
Praise God for every creature which He made and  
called it good!  
Praise God for winter's store of ice; praise God for  
summer's heat!  
Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed ("to you it is  
for meat")!  
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world is fed!  
Praise God His children all, to whom He gives their  
daily bread!

—Edward Everett Hale.



*This picture, done in colors, was made by the pupils of the Bennington, Vermont, Graded School. It served as a cover for the portfolio which they were sending to a school in Austria*

## Thankfulness for Man

Thank God for Abram's faith of old,  
Thank God for man's faith in God's plan,  
But thank God most and manifold  
For man's great growing faith in man!

—Joaquin Miller.

## Thanksgiving for Nature's Beauty

For flowers that bloom about our feet,  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,  
For song of bird and hum of bee,  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,  
For pleasant shade of branches high,  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THANKSGIVING is only our annual time for saying grace at the table of eternal goodness.

—James M. Ludlow.



*The Edison School in Idaho has one hundred per cent Junior membership. Here they all are, working in their Junior gardens*

## Our Juniors on the Job

**A**WAY up in the northernmost county of Idaho's "panhandle," under the shadow of the Cabinet Mountains, is the Edison country school. It has a hundred per cent Junior membership and is a hundred per cent enthusiastic in its Junior activities. The school is organized for regular meetings every two weeks, at each of which are elected a chairman for the next meeting, a doctor or nurse for morning inspection for clean hands and faces, a mayor and assistant mayor to take charge of halls, rooms, desks and aisles, a librarian, a secretary to keep minutes of the meeting, a yard committee and an amusement committee, which gives a monthly program. The daily record books of the officers are read at the meetings. Sometimes there are round-table discussions of the contents of the Junior Red Cross magazines, at others members are appointed to discuss articles in the current magazines or newspapers. In the spring a school garden was started in which each member had a plot. All volunteered to look after them during the summer, so that when school opened this fall there were plenty of flowers. The Edison group chose "Work and Win" as its motto.

**K**ING GEORGE is one of the old counties of Virginia, famous for its good cooks and housekeepers. So when the Juniors there wanted to make some money, they decided to get up a cook book of "pet" recipes collected from their homes. They also solicited enough advertising from the merchants of Fredericksburg, the home of George Washington's mother and sister, to pay for printing. The book was sold for thirty-five cents a copy and each schoolroom was allowed

half the proceeds from the sales it made, while the other half went to the Service Fund. Twenty-five dollars was contributed to the National Children's Fund.

**"T**HE Red Cross has been doing a great deal of good in this town through its Junior Department," writes Donald Cook, of the Grammar School at Wrentham, Massachusetts. "At Christmas time the eighth grade Juniors carried baskets of fruit to the older sick people of Wrentham. We have helped the school children by furnishing hot soup and cocoa at lunch time, and many children who do not bring any lunch get these hot drinks for nothing."

**A** YEAR ago there was not a Junior in the whole town of Jellicoe, Tennessee. Then, between the first and the eleventh of November, twelve Junior units were ready for a big parade on Armistice Day. The paraders carried placards with such notices on them as:

"Early to bed"  
"Early to rise"  
"Over the top to health"

The Jellicoe Juniors also prepared a health window exhibit with rosy-cheeked dolls in a toy automobile on a white "Health Highway" of crushed oyster shell.

On the grassy roadside were Fresh Fruit Farm, Milk Manor, and Oats Inn.

**L**AST year when New York City Juniors were getting stockings of gifts ready for the soldiers in United States Veterans' Hospital Number 81, they slipped in little notes, some of which read:

"DEAR SOLDIER:

"I am wishing you a very, very happy Christmas, and I



*Children enjoying the Fresh Air Camp which Porto Rican Juniors helped to establish.*

am hoping you will get many presents from the people who look up to you.

"Your friend,

"\_\_\_\_\_"

"DEAR SOLDIER:

"I hope you will have a very nice Christmas and New Year. The children of all the schools remember what you did for our country.

"Your friend,

"\_\_\_\_\_"

THE eleven thousand pupils of the twenty-two schools of Berkeley, California, from kindergarten up, are members of the Junior Red Cross. During the past year they gave 1,800 jars of jams and jellies, 25 scrapbooks, 250 Easter cards, and 150 May baskets to veterans' hospitals and children's homes. The manual training classes made toys and the high school girls dressed dolls for the children's homes and the community Christmas tree. The art classes made the Easter cards and the scrapbooks and the sewing classes made bedjackets for the veterans and many articles of clothing for the Christmas tree.

ALL grades of the North Main Street school of Wallingford, Connecticut, combined to make a portfolio to send to a school in Spain. This was the dedication of their book:

"To the boys and girls in every land,  
Beyond the ocean's wall,  
We children of America  
Send out a hearty call.  
We are not strangers—we are friends!  
We're brothers, one and all!"

THE Porto Rican Juniors furnished all the bedding and kitchen utensils for the fresh-air camp for fifty children opened last summer on the Trujillo Road just outside of San Juan. A big project of the Porto Rico Junior Red Cross is the addition of four buildings to the Insular Tubercular Sanatorium, so that more children can be accommodated. There have been only two wards for children in the sanatorium, and there were always more applicants than beds. Some time ago the Juniors gave seventy-five hundred dollars for a library at this hospital, and this is used now not only as a library but as a place for special entertainments for the patients.

THE girls and boys of the tornado area are keeping so busy these days that there is little or no time to remember past horrors. In Murphysboro they are working on a special enter-



Boys in the John Muir School of Berkeley, California, making First Aid boxes.

tainment. The girls' sewing class of the colored school has been specially active and the members plan a bazaar at which they will sell the garments they have made, as well as their embroidery and bead work. The smaller girls are making rag dolls, doll clothes, and pin cushions. The boys of Gorham have made book shelves for the community house library, which has been largely supplied by the eight big boxes of books sent by Chicago Juniors and divided between the centers at Gorham, Murphysboro, and De Soto. The Chicago chapter also sent thirty dollars to cover subscriptions for children's magazines for these centers. Three of Miss Upjohn's original paintings have been sent from American Red Cross National Headquarters to be hung in the Gorham building. Plans are being made for community singing and for giving short plays. The children of Griffin, Indiana, were delighted to receive a portfolio from Bulgaria and have started on their return correspondence.



In Kennebunk, Maine, some 300 children took part in a health parade, led by the Boy Scouts. They represented children of other lands, the living Red Cross, the Junior Red Cross and many health characters.

THE Juniors of the West Leonard, Sigsbee and Sibley schools of Grand Rapids, Michigan, earned First Aid kits for their schools, made health posters, helped with the health crusade of the Junior Red Cross, contributed ideas on safety for the community. They undertook a study of birds, drew up and kept rules for their protection, made feeding boards for them in winter and in the spring built bird houses and baths.

# Juniors All Over the World

THE Latvian Juniors make a specialty of helping children in the devastated parts of their country. In winter, they furnish them with hot school lunches and in summer make them garments for winter wear. The Latvian children in the Calendar picture for this month were war orphans living in a children's home in the outskirts of Riga. About the big, pleasant house are ample grounds and beautiful trees. There is a garden where the children grow flowers and vegetables, through which runs a stream. Over the stream is a rustic bridge, the pride of the boys who built it. "Every child in the house wanted to be in the picture," wrote Miss Upjohn from Riga, "but as they could not, they gathered and sang some of their lovely folk songs. In the midst of the posing, we broke ranks to eat a delicious lunch of steaming coffee, half-creamy milk, flanked with slices of brown bread spread with cottage cheese, butter and honey; for this is what the Latvians are accustomed to eating in the middle of morning and afternoon. And this is what they wish to provide for the children who have lost so much."

IN Buenos Aires alone there are 45,000 Juniors.

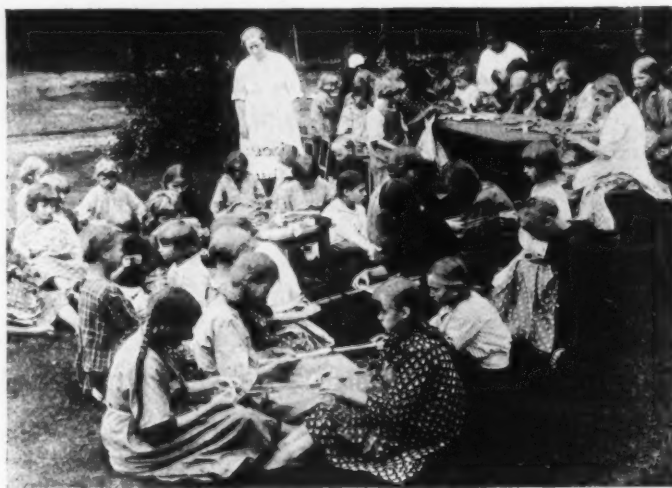
AT San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica, the Junior Red Cross has organized a playground. The Junior section of the Hungarian Red Cross has recently published a sixty-page booklet on games and playgrounds.

VICTORIA, Australia, now has one thousand Junior circles. One of them writes: "Our little circle has found its first year in connection with the great Junior Red Cross movement both successful and enjoyable. Each member contributed threepence a month to buy enough calico for ten pillow slips, which were made by the girls and sent to Mooroopna Hospital. The boys grew vegetables and sold them to help with the fund. Another circle, one composed of only thirty-one children, says: "We have given twenty-four dozen eggs to Echuca Hospital. Last month we had a fête and concert and have handed over a check for £136 to the hospital to be used in purchasing a new X-ray plant."

MORE than eleven thousand members are enrolled in the Siamese Junior Red Cross.

ENGLISH Junior groups are known as Links, carrying out the idea of a friendly chain. The Link in the Great College Street School in London has been presented with a Junior Red Cross cup. The school is divided into four "houses," or sections, which are Australia, Canada, India and South Africa. During the year each group of Juniors in the school will try its best to win the cup for its house. This Link publishes a little magazine of its own.

IN one school in Sweden the Juniors planted geranium shoots in the fall which they tended through the winter and sold in the spring for the benefit of a sick comrade, who was thus able to spend all summer in a sanatorium.



*These Lithuanian Juniors are busy weaving girdles, called "juostas." Juostas, they say, are used by men to gird their coats, and the narrower ones are used as neckties*

HERE is part of a letter Mr. Dunn, National Director of the American Junior Red Cross, wrote to his office in Washington while he was traveling in Europe last summer:

"At about 10.30 Tuesday morning we pulled into Nuremberg, Germany, and

there on the platform I espied the whole Bakule group, some of whom also quickly espied me. There were some new faces, but on the whole, the group was the same as that which visited America two years ago. During the fifteen minutes of the stop there was a demonstration. I was all but pulled through the car window, until Mr. Bakule gathered about him his forces which proceeded to sing—first a folk song, and then "The Star Spangled Banner." To say that the traveling public assembled on the station platform was interested is putting it mildly. I was busy for an hour after the train pulled out explaining to curious passengers what it all meant. The group had just finished a two weeks' tour in Germany and were on their way to Prague. Among other engagements, they had sung at an international educational meeting at Heidelberg. Mr. Bakule told me afterwards of the growing friendliness between the German and Czech children. Our meeting at Nuremberg was, of course, entirely acci-

dental, and a great surprise on both sides. I spent an hour or two with the group on the train, and I was entertained at the school in Prague, the building being decorated with American and Czechoslovak flags. Among the numerous songs was one dedicated to me, a beautiful illuminated copy of which was presented to me framed."



*Juniors of Hungary greeting His Royal Highness, Prince Albrecht, who is honorary president of the Hungarian Junior Red Cross.*

IN the spring the Canadian Junior Red Cross Magazine invited all Juniors of Canada to inform their sections of the day and place of passage of the first birds migrating to the north. The ten first reports from each province will be published, with the names of the members sending them in.

MISS BENEDICT, of the League of Red Cross Societies, recently wrote from Hungary of an entertainment given by the Juniors of Bajar:

"After a theatrical entertainment with national songs and dances . . . we were conducted to a fine old building facing the public square . . . By this time darkness had fallen. After a short ceremony, His Highness the Archduke Albrecht, Madame Petri and myself were asked to step out upon the balcony overlooking the square. This balcony was garlanded with spring flowers and hung with electric lights, which dazzled our eyes somewhat at first so that we could not see what was below us. Then gradually we perceived that the square was full of people whose faces gazed upward. 'There are five thousand,' somebody murmured behind us. At this moment, looking down one of the main streets we saw a procession of school children carrying lighted lanterns upon long bending willow poles. The lanterns were colored in soft pastel shades of rose and yellow, jade and azure. The band played the Junior march, and as this procession of hundreds of children in white moved forward, the only illumination being that

from their lanterns, a shout of appreciation went up from the waiting crowds of people. The children gathering directly underneath our balcony serenaded us with old Hungarian melodies, ending again with the beautiful Junior Red Cross hymn."

THE French Junior Red Cross has just started publishing a magazine. It is called "Jeu-

nesse," or "Youth," just like the Belgian Junior magazine.

LAST Christmas the Danzig Juniors made a number of toys and garments for distribution to the poor children of the city. Much of the material was provided free by the commercial houses of the city, and one firm delivered ten sewing machines at a much reduced price.

A LETTER from the Third Progymnasium of Pleven, Bulgaria, to the Whittier School of Berkeley, California, says:

"The members of the Junior Red Cross in Pleven tried to make happy the unfortunate refugee children turned out of their native land. We each gave a few leva and collected quite a small sum. Then we asked the Director of the movies in our town to give a show especially for the benefit of the refugee children in Pleven. The money raised that way bought flannels, cloth, candy, and biscuits which were distributed among 25 refugee boys and girls. The Juniors were very glad to be able to make happy even a very small part of the refugee children in Bulgaria.

"We value highly the aims and ideals of the Junior Red Cross and in order to realize one of the aims all the Juniors in our town are working hard to raise funds for children's summer camps.

"We shall be very happy indeed if we can actually realize this dream of ours."

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# Introduce Your Book Friends

A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever.—Tupper

WHEN you are adding to your own special book shelf don't forget the pleasure of sharing your book friends by introducing them to others who will like them. A number of you know already how great is that pleasure; for you have collected books for the tornado sufferers, for children in Europe, for children on the island of Guam and in the Samoan schools.

The fourteen hundred school children of American Samoa have had little chance to develop a taste for reading. English is taught, it is true, in the government schools, but the young Samoans hear little of it spoken outside of the classroom and have had almost no interesting reading books either in English or in their own tongue. About the only book in Samoan is the Bible. That is how it happened that the Juniors of the Pacific coast packed off a shipment of books for Pago Pago last spring.

Lieutenant Commander William M. Edel, superintendent of Education in American Samoa, sent us the following letter of thanks:

"The books which were so kindly donated by the children of the Pacific Branch of the American Junior Red Cross have been received.

"They are greatly appreciated by the Samoan children who are exceedingly intelligent and learn very rapidly; particularly with the assistance of such books as you have been so kind to send.

"I feel certain that in the near future several of the older children will desire to send letters of appreciation to your Junior Chapters on the Pacific Coast."

The other day we had a letter from the teachers in the school at Tatitlek, Alaska, which gives an idea of

how much books and papers mean to both children and older people in out-of-the-way places.

To get to Tatitlek, you would have to make a five-days' steamer trip from Seattle, put in at Valdez on Prince William Sound and then go overland ten miles or more to reach the little village with its government school. There are 35 Juniors there, some of whom are

Aleut Indians, some Eskimos, and some of Russian descent. Most of them are between eight and ten years old. For about ten months of the year, beginning with September, they have little contact with the outside world and get mail but once a month and their teacher writes that it would mean a great deal to all the people of the village if they could get in touch with some one who would send them a roll of pictorials and funny papers every month. "We have a school library," she says, "but it is so inadequate to meet the needs of the grown-ups."

In plenty of places nearer home than Samoa or Alaska books will be welcomed, too. For in-



*Hungarian village children love the "Arabian Nights'" stories just as you do*

stance, there are the Indian schools of the Southwest where they are wanted very much indeed. At the government Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, Juniors are being trained as librarians. Fourteen libraries, each containing one hundred books, have been opened with Indian librarians in charge. A hundred books, well chosen, make a good start for a library, of course, but after all, that's only a start. It will not take the Indian Juniors long to read through that stock and it will need replenishing pretty soon. Book Week is a good time to lay all your plans for introducing your favorite book friends to fellow Juniors.

